

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 23 1889.

"An Era of Prosperity."

On the fourth of March the Republican legislature of Kansas, after signing "a bill for the relief of all persons who have been wronged by the late administration," passed a resolution that we congratulate the nation upon the passing of this moment of a republican administration, and a consequent era of prosperity and good government. A few days later came the failure of the Reading iron works with liabilities of nearly \$2,000,000, and throwing 2,000 men out of employment. Then the failure of the Excelsior mill at Trenton, N. J., employing 300 hands, followed; by the shutting down of the rolling mills at Reading, Nantuxet and Abolter, Pa., and the Findlay, O., iron and steel company, with liabilities of over \$100,000. A few more days passed and then came a lockout at the Fall River, Mass., cotton works, in which 6,000 men, women and children were thrown out of employment. Scarcely a day passes without a forcible reminder from somewhere that the "era of prosperity" of which the Kansas solons spoke has dawned upon the country. This is shown by the reduction of wages of mechanics and laborers and a decrease in the price of farm products all over the land. It is probably an "era of prosperity" for somebody and "protection" is doubtless a big thing for somebody, but for whom? Is it for the laborer, the mechanic, the farmer or the producer in any of the branches of manufacture or trade? Not much. Such prosperity is not recognized by the money kings and the gentleman who now have our government under their control. It may be an "era of prosperity" for them and their families. If it did not pay them to produce their present tactics, and if it did not pay the millionaire men to shut down their works they would not do it, would they? Well, it is hardly probable. But what are you going to do about it? "Protection" is the watchword of the administration that will be in power for nearly four years to come and it is the people, who are supposed to be the real rulers of the country, who do not develop more good sense during that time than they showed at the last election, it is likely to remain in for four years longer. The workmen who voted for Harrison and the kind of "protection" to American labor by the latest child of American law, that Gen. Grant talks about, has no right to "kick." He ought to take his medicine like a man. He asked for it, and he has got it, but we imagine that it does not taste so good as he thought it would. Experience is said to be a dear school, and it has doubtless been a dear one to many a Republican who has followed his party wherever it led, without stopping to ask himself what his own interests were. But after all, they may learn something by it, and we hope they

will. If not, we had better turn the country into a vast blind asylum and let systematic rule the most of its followers, since to death hugging their idol, which is in reality the most gigantic fraud of the nineteenth century.—Charleston Star.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 17th.—Hon. Samuel J. Randall who has been confined to his residence in this city for several weeks past, is now much better, although not yet well enough to get out of doors. He contemplates spending the summer at the seashore.

Solicitor General Jenks, of the Department of Justice, who tendered his resignation at the beginning of the present administration, has been notified of its acceptance by the President to take effect on the 15th inst. Mr. Jenks will continue in the service of the Government as counsel in the telephone cases until they are disposed of. This position was the bone of contention which brought on the recent bitter wrangle between Senators Sherman and Quay. It was privately promised to Sherman's candidate, Alphonse Hart, of Ohio, some weeks ago, but for some unknown cause the appointment has not yet been publicly announced.

Ex-Senator Riddleberger, would be Congressman Laughton and other anti-Mahone Republicans come to Washington and claim the President they want to, but so far everything given out in Virginia has gone to a Mahone man.

A big scramble is now taking place daily at the Government Printing office, Palmer the new Public Printer having taken charge of the office Monday, since which time he has hardly been allowed an opportunity to eat or sleep so great is his work. He has made but few appointments yet, but one of those few Chief time keepers, was secured, by ex-Senator "Bully" Chandler, of New Hampshire, who is one of Palmer's bondsmen, for his private secretary. "Bully's" friends are unlikely to be heard from when the contracts for the year's supplies for the office are made next month.

Chief Justice Fuller has gone to Norfolk, and from there he will proceed to South Carolina on his district tour.

Harrison's first negro appointment met Rev. James Townsend of Indiana, to be recorder of the General Land Office has created quite a commotion in the Land Office. In the division of which Townsend is to be Chief there are 25 white lady clerks and every one of them is trying to get transferred to some other division in order to escape the negro chief. As one of the ladies puts it: "We naturally have to pay a certain amount of court and deference to our Chief, and it will be very disagreeable for me to treat a negro as my superior, I shall get into some other division if I can; if not I suppose I shall have to stand it, as my head and better depends upon it."

Oklahoma does not present getting left in the great scramble for office. Corporal Tanner has appointed a board of pension examiners for Guthrie, and the Civil Service Commissioners have received a letter asking how some examinations are to be held in Oklahoma.

It is said that the Sherman and Frazier factions of Ohio Republicans have got up a compromise on the Federal officers in Cincinnati, and that ex-Mayor Amer Smith will be surveyor and Col. D. W. McClellan collector. The first is a minor man and the latter pins his faith to Frazier.

One man has appeared here as a candidate for office that every respectable man in the country should rejoice to see disappointed. I refer to W. E. Haskell, editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, who wants to

be minister to Denmark. Haskell is the man who publicly insulted Mrs. Cleveland by a scandalous editorial in the columns of his paper while she and her husband were the guests of his city. It is surprising that he could get anybody to endorse his application.

The Court of Claims has decided that the celebrated Triggs' sword, which have been in the custody of the Treasury department ever since the war should be turned over to Mr. Myers, the executor of the General Triggs' estate.

Ex-Congressman Ochiltree, who spends his time in New York, but for political purposes, claims a residence in Texas, says that Harrison has given him control of all the Federal patronage of Texas. It may be just as Mr. Ochiltree says, but you know Mr. Ochiltree is the champion rummy of the country.

Ex Public Printer Benedict and brother, ex-chief clerk of the Government Printing office have been presented with handsome gold-headed canes by the clerical force of that office.

A Mysterious Death.

On Wednesday of last week some fishermen discovered the body of a man lying on the bank of Green River, about three miles above Alderson, in Fort Spring district, this county. The body had evidently floated down during the recent rise in the river and deposited where found. The authorities of that district were notified, and a jury of inquest went down from Ronceverte to investigate the matter. The body was very much decomposed, and was that of a man 35 years of age and was well dressed, having on a tailor made suit of clothes, worth about \$35 or \$40. Nothing on his body was found to identify him. The only articles found were a couple of pocket handkerchiefs a money purse, (no money in it) and a small knife. There were some indications that he might have been foolishly dealt with, but, no doctor being present at the inquest, this was not positively ascertained. He was evidently above ordinary men in position and circumstances, but who he was and how he met his death are mysteries.—Green River Independent.

In New York.

THE WEST VIRGINIA TROOPS CHECKED FROM ONE OF THE LINE TO THE OTHER.

A gentleman who returned from New York, and who saw the great parade there, says the West Virginia delegation showed up in great shape. There were about 150 members of the National Guard in line from this State, being headed by Gov. E. W. Wilson, Gen. E. L. Wood and the Governor's Staff, including Col. A. A. Franzheim of Wheeling. Then came the Governor's Guard and the two companies of 150 men. The boys marched like old-timers and where cheered all along the line.

There were few Governors in the line who received more cheers than Governor Wilson and he was one of the very few who received bouquets. While passing up Fifth Avenue an immense bouquet of carnations was thrown to the Governor from one of the massions on that thoroughfare.

The Governor's Guard band was along and made splendid music, and altogether the turnout was a creditable one for which the men should receive praise, as they all paid their own expenses.—Ronceverte News.

There are fifteen contested Congressional election cases to be settled by the next Congress. Three of them are from West Virginia.

The Illinois house passed the bill appropriating \$50,000 for a monument to the late John A. Logan.

The West Virginia soldier boys gets \$6.653 as their share of the \$100,000 appropriated by the last Congress for distribution among the National Guards of the several States.

The supreme court has decided that the Scott Chinese exclusion act is unconstitutional. This must be quite unpleasant to Gen. Harrison and other lovers of the almost-bayed Mongolian.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Indigestion, Diarrhoea, Worms, Teething, Colic, Wind, and all the ailments of Infants and Children.

Prepared by J. C. THOMPSON, 111 So. Oxford St., New York, N. Y. The Castoria Company, 17 Murray Street, N. Y.

CHAR-ET SWEEPERS.

If you want something that will keep every thing as clean as a new pin, and dust from getting over every thing in the house, buy a Carpet Sweeper of Benson Hill, James, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

SEEDMAKERS' SEED.

Huntersville, W. Va. I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Rye and Wheat of all kinds, also repairing to suit every kind. J. C. THOMPSON. May 16 89.



A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,

(Successors to Fazio & McClinton)

Mt. Grove, Va.

DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Order filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

If you need a mower or reaper you will do well to communicate with the undersigned, who is agent for the celebrated



WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES.

All inquiries as to terms etc. will receive prompt attention.

Address,

I. B. MOORE, Sunset, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. + W. + WAGNER, PROPRIETOR. HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

GEO. W. WAGNER.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
No. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this lodge is the first of each month, unless the moon be on Friday, then on that evening.

H. DOYLE, W. M.,
A. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

HOME NEWS

—The rain is a Sunday.
—Read Leary & Doyle's new ad. This week.
—Read A. M. McClintic & Co's new ad. This week.
—R. H. Hall, of Academy was in on Saturday week.
—Fruit, harness and saddles at \$3.95 per up to \$40 A. P. Lett, Boncourville, W. Va. 302m.
—Charles Artois was in town yesterday.
—Go to John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. May 9-12.
—W. H. Wallis, of Baltimore, was in our town the first of the week.

Sewing machines from \$25 to \$50, wanted for sale by A. P. Lett, Boncourville, W. Va. 302m.
—Go to Leary & Doyle for all kinds of fine goods.
—John Wurts & Co, of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of mowers. Don't forget to see them. May 9-12.
—Talk about hard times; you would think they are hard enough if you would see how cheap Leary & Doyle are selling goods.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made at John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va. May 9-12.
—Geo. W. Wagner, has been appointed postmaster at this place and soon will be removed, and W. R. Hargis at front.

—R. H. Hargis and son, passed through town Monday, on their way to see George H. Hill, Va.
—Marion at Wednesday May 15 at the residence of the Ladies' Society, W. R. Hargis, at front.

—Miss Mary O. Simmons, of Jackson, Tenn., is in town.

—Slaves of pneumonia, at the house of Mr. Hoover, on Chest St., May 14, 1890. Prior to this time the 12-year of his age. Prior to this time a great sufferer for many years, but has now recovered.

—Dr. Mrs. T. H. McLaughlin, of Gilpin, this Co., formerly of near this place.

Public Sale
The annual public sale of the property of the late J. J. School Auxiliary, W. Va., will be held Tuesday June 4, beginning at 4 p.m. The public are cordially invited to attend.
Miss G. M. Hargis, Principal.

—Elected to this place are as follows: For Co. Sup't, M. G. Edwards, 30; C. E. Moore, 1 and Miss Emma Warwick, 1.

For Commissioner—P. M. Hargis 20; H. W. Hargis 2 and Miss Emma Warwick, 1.

A Letter
—Mr. Doyle, P. M. of Dilley's Mill, is very much mistaken about the registered package coming up this morning at 1 o'clock. I got the package up at 10 o'clock and registered it as from S. L. Hargis & Co., N. Y. Dept. 100.

I got registered packages some times, without taking other people. This report was started to injure me, but I don't think it did.

With Point Pickings
Pine growing weather.
Lee Cuckley, wife and baby and Mrs. Cherry and daughter, passed through our town a few days ago on their way to Green Bank.

French Benton who has been visiting relatives at this place has gone home.
Mrs. Luther Auldridge and Miss Mintie Smith are visiting friends and relatives at Edray.

Ellen Gilson, of Kinrossville, made a short visit here a few days ago.
J. L. Clark, has finished working the turnpike on Drop mountain.

Mathews Buckman, wears quite a smile. Its a girl.
E. P. G.

Hilltop's Diphtheria
Miss Jessie Kintison, is suffering from an attack of diphtheria.
Mrs. Felix Crombitt, is on the sick list.

The Commencement exercises of the Hillsboro Male & Female Academy taught by Prof. Landis will be Thursday and Friday nights a select choir has been picked from the best singers in the Levels and the parts well rehearsed, so a pleasant time is expected.

The Commencement exercises of the Hillsboro Training School will take place the night of the 4th of June. Those who attended the excellent Commencement gotten up by Miss O. M. Shearer, know what to expect and we feel they will not be disappointed.

PRUNELLA
Deering Belays
S. C. Vitchard, is off for Staughton.
M. G. Mathews, got a majority for Co. Sup't. at Danmore and Split Rock to beat from.

Work has commenced on the new church.
Several Druggists stopped at the Wakarusa Hotel last week.

I understand, from the Co. Court that each district in the county was provided with two road scrapers and the owners should get them and make use of them.

—Miss Mrs. Jacob H. Artois, at the house of her son in law near Traveler's River on the 20th inst. at an advanced age.

D. B. McElwee will be appointed P. M. at Danmore and C. B. Sweek or removed.

Quite a number of our people will attend the musical association at Frost.

Notes by the Way
This is a most pleasant time for jaunts over the country and your correspondent has never had more exquisite enjoyment than the past few weeks. One recent morning while reflecting on the beauties of natural scenery, the writer felt that he ought to be very careful to keep the commendations of the Lord his God, to walk in his ways and to fear Him, for God in his providence is permitting him to have a home in this country, brought him into a good land of water of brooks and of mountains that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley and vines and honey; a land wherein corn may be bread without ceasing; a land whose stages are rich, see Deuteronomy 8, 9 and 11.

It would be hard to find a region that has more points of resemblance to the promised land, than this section of West Virginia.

The fiery spirit at the command. Raining the air and peals the rain. The summer days with vigor show. To turn the corn and clear the vine. A joyful scene.

occupied with reflections suggested by a little spruce pine tree, near Spice Island.

It is growing upon the decaying branch of a spruce tree, that overhangs the water.

It is only a question of time when the branch to which it clings will fall away, and then it will never be down the flood, and it will never be the tree it would have been, had it chosen a more lowly place to live in.

For the present it seems to have the preeminence over its cousin, but it will not be so, very long, for its very growth and development, but shortens the time of its run.

This world like the decaying branches, is passing away, and if my immortal nature should have nothing but it to cling to and be corrupted by, then its ruin is only a question of fleeting time, when to be swept away by the "dark rolling flood."

GOOD READING
Some of the best reading accessible to your correspondent, he gets from Lovell's Library. In a recent issue, Farrar's "Seekers after God" much is said of Seneca, the wisest of pagan moralists and the teacher to Nero, the vilest of pagan rulers.

The author points out the mistake Seneca made in teaching his illusions to Nero. Seneca neglected to take to heart, what Homer taught, "It is better to die than to live in sin." He allowed Nero to indulge in some bad habits, so as to keep him from worse ones, and hence it was an education of compromise. So alike in the studies of Nero's boyhood, and managing him respecting the grover temptations of the manhood, Seneca acted on

the line "Had the The will be the grain The will approval a worst choice All answers well as pagan. "Just as the the inclines," So it proverbs.

"The child is as Seneca seems to what Horace wrote long retain the odour of the.

has once been pointed into it, when open." He might have received a hint from Quintilian also, for in describing the depraved influence which surrounded even the infancy of a Roman child he said "From these arise first familiarly, then nature."

So Christian teaching, and pagan philosophy jointly agree, that first impressions are for seal or wax, for time and eternity, in a persons life story.

First impressions are always made at home, how all important that our homes should be pure and good, and how can they be pure and good unless the parents be pure and good, to begin with.

Let the source be pure, then will the stream be pure and cleaning wherever it flows. Let the homes be pure, then society will be pure, and government will be pure, and the whole happy and prosperous. Figure homes results in the down fall of Rome, and should the United States come to ruin the history recording the deplorable disaster will trace the primary cause back to American homes.

In a most impressive sense, "There is no place like home." W. T. P.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS,
—AND GO TO—
DOYLE & DOYLE'S
Where you can see a large assortment of
SPRING AND SUMMER
Ready Made Clothing,
Also a nice line of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ladies goods, and children's SHOES, and the latest styles in ladies HATS, just from New York.
Call and see them, and we assure polite and careful attention will be shown you.
They are also Proprietors of

Huntersville Hotel,
Where, if you stop, you will receive the best accommodations.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS
The mail back leaves Frankford for Huntersville every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning. Charges reasonable.
JOHN FLACK, Carrier.

Commissioner's Sale
Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Hargis vs. James P. Gieger and Wm. C. McElwee, on the 2nd day of April 1890, I, the undersigned, Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

15th DAY OF JUNE 1890
present in front of the Court house of said County to sell as public and take to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 10 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Gieger, situate on the Waters of Spring Creek, within the limits of the County of A. D. Gieger and others.

This tract of land is fertile and productive and is a valuable piece of cultivation.
L. M. McElwee, Special Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, merchant and a Justice of the Peace, residing at the place where the same is situated, has been appointed by the Court to sell the same.

JOHN J. BEARD, C. E. MOORE, CLERKS OF THE COURT.
may 10th 41
may 10th 41

Orders of Publication.
No. 1.
At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1890.

Chas. L. Austin & als. In chy. No. 1.
Wm. F. Artois & als. In chy. No. 1.
The object of this suit is to have partition or sale of a tract of land containing 6.000 acres, known as the lots No. 1, 2 and 11, lying on the Alleghany river in Pocahontas County and the proceeds thereof divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective shares and interests, said parties appearing by affidavit filed that Chas. Austin, Chas. L. Austin & als. they, Robert M. Gay, Rogers Warwick, David V. Hargis, Chas. W. Hargis, Charles E. Hargis, Thomas James Artois, Virgil S. Shultz, Anne Hargis, Thos. G. Green, H. Lee Green, Isaac Conrad, S. A. Foster and Little his wife, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, that the heirs of Robert Warwick, son of said Anne Shultz are unknown, and that the defendants have been used as the part of the plaintiffs, without effort to ascertain in what county Robert Warwick resides. It is ordered that there appear before the Court on or before the 15th day of June 1890, and show why such order should not be made in this suit.

JOHN J. BEARD, C. E. MOORE, CLERKS OF THE COURT.
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Order of Publication.
At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1890.

George C. Hill's Administrator vs. In chy.
The object of this suit is to settle the accounts of the late Robert C. Hill, deceased, to subject the real estate of said said William I. Hill, and to subject the proceeds of his estate to the payment of his debts and to consume the will of said said Robert C. Hill, James F. Hill and Elizabeth J. Hargis, and the heirs of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that there appear before the Court on or before the 15th day of June 1890, and show why such order should not be made in this suit.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May, 30, 1889. Terms of: \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 45.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeal.
Deputy Sheriff, C. O. Arbaugh.
U. S. of Cir. & Co. Court, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannan.
Com. Co. Cl., G. T. Moore.
Clerk, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, and Monday in June and first Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

D. A. STOKES,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lawrenceburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Frequent attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SYDNER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. R. J. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. R. F. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

THE STERLING CO.



THE STERLING PIANO.
Quality of Tone, Beauty of Design, Finish and adaptability for standing in Parlor, Hall or Church.
Every Piano Warranted for Five Years.
STERLING ORGAN
Factories, Derby, Conn.

READY TO BE MARRIED.

I am ready to be married;
I can make a loaf of bread;
I can cook as nice a dinner
As my mother; so she said;
I can keep a room in order,
I can sweep the house and make a bed;
Mother says a girl may marry
Who can make a loaf of bread.
I am ready to be married;
I can cut and make a dress;
I can mend the cross stitch;
Mend the lace, that's hardly less;
Fine and dainty that a col-waby;
So I dare to tell him, "Yes!"
Mother says a girl may marry
Who can cut and make a dress.

I am ready to be married;
And I have a lover true;
Just the handsomest and dearest
That ever came to me;
Never maiden loved her lover
Half so dearly as I do;
Mother says a girl may marry
When she has a lover true.
— EX.

Did See and Moon Dance.

BY F. E. BURTON.
"An, did yer mamma never tell ye of that, Elsie, me darlin'! How the sun an' the moon dance together, the bot' of tain, on Easter mornin'! Oh! oh! what a shame it is, it is! Might be she never heard of it, for there be a heap of ignorant ignorance in America waitin' to be put in the shrove an' burnt up like a pack of pest, so it is. Pa'r, an' I think the most beautiful thing in Irish, so an' I do."

"But really, Maggie," and little Elsie's blue eyes were wide with wonderment, "really and truly does the sun dance with the moon on Easter mornin'?"

"What would I be tellin' ye for if it wasn't so it all! They do in Ireland; just as sure as the bilbois sun comes up droppin' out ay the say, lavin' out England in the dark, had luck to her! The moon runs hoppity skip across the sky an' joins hand with the sun, an' they dance a rare Irish jig together."

"That must be dreadfully funny," said Elsie gravely; then, a last doubt lingering in her puzzled thoughts, "Did you ever see them, Maggie?"

"See them, is it! Oh, oh, run away, now, to yer mamma an' stop axin' me botherome questions. Don't I tell ye it's so? What more do ye want, I dunno!"

Elsie put her little finger in her mouth and walked slowly and with abstracted gaze into the sitting room, where her mother sat sewing and her father was reading the evening paper. She sat down upon a low stool under the mantle and studied the brown and yellow figures of the carpet. In the soft light of the big lamp on the center table the brown seemed darker than it did by daylight, and the yellow was almost white. Elsie wondered vaguely whether the yellow would not be white during the dance with the sun, for she remembered that whenever it appeared by day it was woefully pale; and would the sun turn his dancing face round for just one minute so that she could have a good look at him? and would the moon have fed? and would the sun's legs go right down, into the green, hot circle of flame, or would there be a lady like papa's? or would both, and this seemed more likely, would both just fill from side to side and laugh in each other's face before they resumed their regular duties?

It was strangely interesting to the eight-year-old, and to happy in the thought that she had seen the sun and moon dance together in the new carpet. The

bronze clock above her head began to buzz with immense importance and then uttered a single tiny ring and went on ticking hurriedly, as if in haste to reach the next hour mark, when its ticking should prelude a more significant announcement. All well regulated clocks are subject to this vanity; they puff out the cheeks of their faces, rattle away as if all their precious insides were falling to pieces; the pendulum is silent, and then the commotion ends with a few silvery strokes; more or less, after which the time-piece recovers its modest self-possession and goes on about its useful business.

"Half past eight," said Mrs. Durant, glancing up at the clock. "Time little girls were in bed."

"Mamma," exclaimed Elsie, taking a tack in her dress with her fingers and looking hard at her feet, "mayn't I sit up all night just this once?"

"Never on us!" cried Mrs. Durant, laying her sewing down in her lap, "what does the child mean?"

Papa Durant looked inquiringly over the top of his paper.

"I want to see the sun and the moon dance together," replied Elsie, "and I can't wake up early enough if I go to bed."

Mamma Durant was too astonished to speak, but papa, with an amused smile, said:

"You would have your trouble for nothing, Elsie; the sun and the moon don't indulge in such antics."

Elsie did not understand her father's words exactly, but she felt the denial and she responded:

"Maggie says they do every Easter morning, when the sun comes out of the sea, and the moon hop, skips and jumps, and they take hands and dance in the sky, at least in Ireland, the both of them, and perhaps, if I just sat up all night, they'd do it for me. Please papa."

"If you sat up little one," he said, "you would not be awake in the afternoon to sing with the other children in the Easter festival. You wouldn't like to miss that?"

"I think I'd rather see the dance," responded Elsie.

"Maggie shouldn't put such notions in little girls' heads," said mamma, and forthwith Elsie was bundled off to bed. Her lips pouted with something more than affection when she kissed her father good night, and two or three long, slow tears rolled slowly down her face; but she went to her room without a murmur, and when her head was on the pillow she looked out at the stars and wished some thing would keep her awake. Her father had reassured her doubts as to the entire truth of Maggie's story; but it would have taken much more than that to convince her, for the event was too interesting to not be believed, and she was more than willing to see herself whether it was so.

As she lay wondering about it all a thought suddenly sprang into her head. Why should she not stay awake and see the dance? Papa and mamma had not said that she must not, and they would not care very much when she told them at breakfast what she had done. This thought became a fixed determination, and for several minutes she looked at the stars steadily with open eyes. Then she caught her self dozing and she sat up in bed. Even in this attitude her head suddenly dropped, and she got out and stood in front of her half open window. Across the road a street lamp made fantastic shadows

of the trees and houses, and far away a dog barked. From the room below came the clear, high tones of her mother's voice and the deep, somber murmur of her father's replies. Mellow sounds from the top of the little hill back of the house told that the church clock was striking 9. How slowly the time passed for Elsie! She looked up again at the stars and thought how tired the angels must get watching through the dark silence of every night. Then somebody walked rapidly by, and when she could no longer hear his footsteps she wondered if it was nearly 10 o'clock. At last it grew chillier, and she climbed into bed again, just for one minute, to get warm.

The evening had grown old for country folk before Mrs. Durant put aside the work that had lain idle in her lap for many minutes, and followed her husband to their chamber. Her thoughts had gone back to a happier time when her son Willie was with her. Only five years ago, and how long it seemed! He had yielded to a restless disposition and wandered away, where she knew not, except that it was credited reported that he had shipped aboard an East Indian man. If he were alive he would be nearly 20 now, but no word from or about him had ever been received. He had been absent a year when his parents sought to overcome the depression that grew upon them by leaving their former home and establishing themselves in a pretty country village where this story finds them.

Mrs. Durant said nothing to her husband of their common grief, and before she slept she had relieved her aching heart by thoughts of Elsie, upon whom she poured forth all of a mother's yearning affection.

Elsie started. There was a flow of soft light in her room, and the stars that had shone so clearly into the window were almost invisible. She sprang from her bed with a great fear at her heart. Was it day? No, there was the moon sailing at her and making the whole night glorious. How had the moon come around the house corner so quickly! Had she been asleep? The street lamp had been put out. It could not be more than a minute since she snuggled her toes under the blankets, and yet— It must be near morning, and intent on being out in time for the dance she hastened to put on her clothes. She would go up to the church at the top of the hill. There she could see all of the known world except that vague confusion of some far off town where papa used to live.

With care not to awake anybody, Elsie crept down the back stairs, drew back the bolt of the kitchen door, cautiously opened it and stepped out. Everything was wonderfully still, as if the earth was holding its breath in expectation over the heavenly capers to occur at daybreak. Neither the stillness nor the night itself had terrors for Elsie. She walked quickly across the yard and through the sloping orchard beyond to the low wall that bounded the churchyard. Over this, and presently she stepped upon the shadow of the steeple. The moon was on the other side of the clock face, or Elsie might have seen that it was but a few minutes past midnight. Entirely satisfied with her adventure thus far, she sat down upon the church steps to wait.

Then for the first time she saw that she had been followed. Nippon stepping across the grass came that, the family cat, who had been

confronting the significance of her name. Elsie welcomed Dot and rose to pick her up, whereat Dot scampered away, tail in air.

"Naughtily pussy! come here," cried Elsie, and ran after her. In the orchard Dot disappeared, but, hearing a slight noise below, Elsie went softly forward, intent on taking her pet by surprise. Arrived at the gate to the yard she paused and looked about. What was her surprise to see a man coting with a large pocket knife at the sash of the kitchen window! For a moment she looked on in wonderment, but when the man had cut away the fastening and was carefully raising the window, she exclaimed:

"That's my papa's house!"

Like a flash the man turned around and peered across the yard, his hand still on the half raised window.

"Huh! It's a kid," he muttered, and he let the window down and walked over to Elsie.

"What are you doing here, young one?" he asked in a whisper.

"I'm going to see the sun and the moon dance in the morning," replied Elsie, "and you mustn't speak out loud or you'll wake papa and mamma, and they'll make me come in."

The stranger smiled.

"I won't disturb 'em," he said, "I wasn't going to anyway. The fact is, little one, I'm hungry, and all I was going to do in your house was to find something to eat."

"How do you know where the pantry is?" asked Elsie.

"I don't, but p'raps I could find you get me a bit of bread or something?"

Elsie thought a moment. She remembered how so beggar ever went hungry from her father's door, and without reflecting further she crept into the house, and as she went in the stranger muttered, "And to think that the door was unlocked all the time!"

When Elsie returned she brought a half loaf of bread and a doughnut, a luxury of which she was especially fond. The stranger fell upon the bread ravenously and Elsie watched him in silence for a moment. Then she asked:

"Where do you live?"

"No where."

This seemed so strange to Elsie that she said nothing more. The hungry man ate every morsel of the food and then put his face in his hands.

"I am much obliged to you," he whispered. "I'm satisfied, little one, and I never tried before to break into a house, though I've seen hard times enough."

"Wouldn't you like to see the sun and the moon dance?" asked Elsie.

"I think they'll do it this morning, and that'll be pretty soon, won't it? They do in Ireland every Easter morning."

"Who told you so?"

"Maggie."

"Who's she?"

"Papa's hired girl."

"Wasn't it your papa's name?"

"Mr. William Durant."

The stranger started, and looking forward peered curiously into Elsie's face.

"Say that again! Where did you used to live?" he exclaimed.

"Way off somewhere. I live here now."

"What is your name?"

"Elsie."

The stranger was silent a moment. Then he rose, and, taking

Continued on Fourth Page.

Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

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